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The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. V.

DERRY, N. H., OCTOBER, 1908.

NO. 1

Published twice each term by the students and faculty of
Pinkerton Academy,

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A mark opposite this paragraph indicates that your subscription has expired. You will greatly aid THE CRITIC by forwarding at once the amount due.

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Subscriptions 50 Cts. a Year. Single Copies 15 Cts.
Payment in Advance.

DERRY, N. H., 1908.

We find that the students as a whole have a wrong impression about the Critic. As a school paper, it is used as a record, not merely of events, but of the school work in English. The students of the Academy have every opportunity to contribute to the paper, but until lately the editor has written too much of the material. What we want is to have so much and so good material that we shall have no chance to get in our stories. It seems to us that a student can show his school spirit as much by supporting the Critic,

as by shouting for the athletic teams. The editors or the Critic box in the library will receive any contributions offered them.

We ought to have more organized cheering at our athletic games. Other schools that we visit have a big cheering squad. A good, long cheer for our own team when they are hard pushed puts new life into the fellows. And speaking of athletics, and especially football at P. A., no one has ever heard of a P. A. boy being put out of a game or even warned against unsportsmanlike conduct. Athletic relations with other teams have always been fair and above board, but in a recent game, our captain was deliberately injured by a player on the visiting team. We have absolute proof of this, and we would advise pushing the matter to the limit. At the next game with this school, the same fellow was heard telling his friends that he would put the Pinkerton boy opposing him out of the game, before it was finished. The fact that some of our friends spoke pretty plainly to him, prevented another of our boys being injured, perhaps fatally. When the players begin to play in this spirit, some even saying that it is a part of the game to injure the opposing player, it is high time to drop the teams containing such men from our schedule. Such actions on the athletic field, where the boys are supposed to find some of the qualities that will stand them in good stead later in

life, lower the morals of the players and show the fellow who does the cowardly work to be a bully and a brute. Too much cannot be said about this matter,

and the bad name football has in some places, is doubtless due to such fellows as the one mentioned and to officials who are not strong enough to enforce the rules.

Pinkerton Academy

Our Faculty.

PRINCIPAL.

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LATIN AND ENGLISH.

INSTRUCTORS.

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DRAWING.

CHARLES ALFRED SEFTON,

VOCAL MUSIC.

GRACE LOUISE McQUESTEN,

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Students.

SENIOR CLASS (1909)

Harold W. Abbott,	Derry
Ruth Mildred Blood,	Derry
Charles Robert Clyde,	Windham
Carlotta L. Damren,	East Derry
Carl Cheswell Forsaith,	Auburn
Mildred Emeline Green,	Chester
Mildred May Hamm,	Derry
Emma Louise Knight,	Derry Village
Mae A. McCallum,	Derry Village
Frederick Smyth Page,	Candia
Alan Bartlett Shepard,	East Derry
Bessie Anne Smith,	Candia
Ethel Talbot Tewksbury,	Derry Village
Arthur Boyd Young,	Londonderry

SENIOR MIDDLE CLASS (1910)

Margaret Mae Abbott,	Derry
Charles Edmund Anderson,	Londonderry
John Thomas Bartlett, Jr.,	Raymond
Helen M. Benson,	Derry
Mabel May Cassidy,	Derry
Mary Esther Clyde,	Windham
Howard A. Corson,	Derry Village
Helen Florence Currier,	Derry Village
Mabel Harriette Currier,	Derry Village
Emma Lula Cutting,	Auburn
Mildred May Fitts,	Chester
David Griffiths,	Richville, N. Y.
Clarissa Gertrude Hall,	Derry

Emily Winona Healey,	Candia	Mason James Young,	Londonderry
Harriette Olivia Healey,	Candia	JUNIOR CLASS (1912)	
Myrtle Irene Kelley,	Derry	Ruth Bailey Ackerman,	Derry Village
Lucy Gertrude Laws,	Derry	Hedwig Frieda Bater,	Windham
Edwin Asa Norton,	Derry	Eugenie Louise Bergeron,	Derry
Hazel Maude Raitt,	Derry Village	John Gould Blacklock,	Salem
Lillian May Sawyer,	Derry	Sylvia Mae Bond,	Derry
George Herbert Seavey,	Hudson	Ella Gertrude Brown,	Manchester
Hazel Irene Stowe,	Derry Village	Helen Louise Chadwick,	Derry
Norman Fling Watts,	Londonderry	Warren Edson Chase,	Derry
Henrietta Olive Wheeler,	Derry	Helen Mary Clade,	Derry
Charles R. Williams,	Manchester	Orange Law Cook,	Wilton
Humbert Thayer Williams,	Walpole	Harold Johnson Curtis,	East Derry
Dorothy May Witham,	Chester	Della Bernice Dicey,	Derry

JUNIOR MIDDLE CLASS (1911)

Susan May Ackerman,	Derry Village	Walter Francis Double,	Derry
Eva May Benson,	Derry	Arthur Dearborn Eastman,	South Weare
Clara Alice Cross,	Derry	Leon Henry Elliott,	Derry Village
Annie Elizabeth Frasier,	Derry	Hazel Elizabeth Getchell,	Derry
George Woodbury Goldsmith,	Chester	Byron Marshall Goodrich,	Derry
Roy C. Graham,	Candia	George Wilberforce Grant,	Derry
Estelle Alice Hardy,	Derry Village	Doris Ameila Gratteau,	West Hampstead
Nellie Lydia Hardy,	Chester	Edith Allan Greeley,	Londonderry
Lois Frances Hunt,	Derry	Brent M. Haslam,	Derry
Agnes Lyra Knight,	Derry	J. Cummings Haslam,	Derry
Donald Stanley Learnard,	Derry Village	Philip Gordon Hazelton,	Chester
Blanche Louise Meserve,	Jackson	Lyle Raymond Heath,	Salem
John Everett Miltimore,	Derry	Daniel Franklin Hicks,	Londonderry
Elmer Drew Palmer,	Derry	Caleb Hodsdon,	Derry Village
Elwin True Palmer,	Derry	Alfred Hollingshead,	Londonderry
Lena Melissa Rand,	Chester	Hayford Trueman Kimball,	Chester
Hazel Elizabeth Ring,	Derry Village	Adella Leola Low,	Derry
Ruth Rogers,	Derry	Frank Carl McGregor,	Derry
Ivo Andrew Russell,	Derry	Lavinia Pillsbury Mack,	Derry
Annie Salner,	East Derry	Lillian Wallace Mack,	Derry
Henry B. Shepard,	East Derry	Linda May Marston,	Sandown
Carrie Isabelle Smith,	Derry	Nellie Barbara McKean,	Londonderry
Seymour Smith,	Chester	Jerome Lamont Mears,	Derry Village
Hazel Spollett Stevens,	Chester	Kenneth Lund Miller,	Derry
Dorothy Norton Spratt,	Derry	David Martin Mills,	Chester
Edmund Rand Stearns,	Derry	Adaline Belle Nesmith,	Londonderry
John Franklin Stevens,	Derry	Blanche Abbie Nichols,	Chester
		Marion Perkins,	Londonderry

Walter Aubrey Philbrook,	Derry	Yih Chuing Chien,	Shanghai, China
Edna Pressey,	Derry	Ralph Willis Davis,	East Derry
Edward French Ramsdell,	Derry	Tung Kwei King,	Shanghai, China
Olive Belle Robie,	Chester	Ira Benjamin Knight,	Derry Village
Hazel Tuell Rowe,	Derry	Louis William Morse,	Derry
Morris Salner,	Derry	Oscar Willey Stuart,	Rochester
Miriam Drusilla Sanders,	Derry Village	Clarence Henry Wilson,	Windham
Grace Marie Simonds,	Windham	SUMMARY.	
Herbert Tewksbury,	Derry	Seniors,	14
William Thomas Tyler,	Derry	Senior Middlers,	27
Blanche Chase Webster,	Chester	Junior Middlers,	28
Perley Alfred Whitney,	Londonderry	Juniors,	53
Blanche Woodbury,	Derry	Special Students,	8

SPECIAL STUDENTS.

Howard Clement Abbott,	Derry	Totals,	130
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Our Debt to Commerce.

BY MAURICE YOUNG.

(This essay received first prize in the Derby Contest in Composition, June, 1908).

"Render therefore unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, and unto God that which is God's." Before following the custom of the day, and railing at all wealth as sordid and corrupting, before reviling and scorning all things commercial, let us apply this principle of Jesus Christ's and if commerce has accomplished any good for the world let us give it due credit.

At a time when all other nations were devoted to warfare, Phoenicia applied herself to commerce, proving that a country can gain as much power, wealth and fame by the peaceful pursuit of trade, as by war. The commercial achievements of the Phoenicians were of the heroic type. In small deckless boats, without sails, charts, or compass, this daring and adventurous people traversed the entire length and breadth of the stor-

my and dangerous Mediterranean. At a time when the Atlantic Ocean was supposed to be the home of horrible monsters, the Phoenicians boldly passed the Rock of Gibraltar, sailed to England and the Scilly Islands, and most wonderful of all, without doubt actually circumnavigated Africa. Everywhere the Phoenicians went they carried on trade, exchanging their manufactured articles for precious metals and other valuable commodities.

Athens succeeded Phoenicia as the commercial mistress of the world; then in succession come Corinth, Alexandria, Constantinople, Venice, Genoa, the Hansa Towns, Portugal, Holland, England and the United States. These powers have been the principal mediums for spreading the civilization of the world. It is mainly through their agency that

products, inventions, and learning have been transplanted from their native homes to every corner of the globe, it being almost impossible to name a noncommercial power that has accomplished much as a spreader of civilization.

Through ancient times and during the Middle Ages fighting was the principal occupation of a large, influential, and active part of the world's population. Continual warfare was the order of the day, life was sacrificed, treasure lavished, property destroyed, and progress halted, to glut the blood lust of the storied hero. During modern times there has been a steady lessening of war, until now it is nearly extinct.

To what influence does the credit of this great reform belong? In the main, to the spirit of commercialism that occupies the mind of modern man, and unconsciously, perhaps, influences his thoughts and decisions. The lives and money spent in war are absolutely lost; they are so much waste, and business, unwilling to countenance an institution that is wasteful and does not pay, has decreed that warfare must cease.

Everybody has read of the old Robber Barons in Germany who, perched in their impregnable castles, defied the world and lived by seizing the goods of the traders who passed their way. Splendid as their story sounds in poem and romance, much as we may admire their bold, free lives, it is nevertheless a fact that the despised trading citizen of the Hansa Towns that they preyed upon, was richer, more secure, and comfortable, and in reality more powerful, for the Hansa Towns had but to rise in their might to suppress the Robber Barons forever.

The aim of Columbus in his voyage to America was not to discover new lands or new peoples, but to find a trade route by which Europe could more easily carry on commerce with the East. The greatest geographical discovery of the world's history was nothing but an incident in the great hunt of commercialism for shorter trade routes and cheaper methods of carrying on trade. As the discovery was an accident, so are many of our most precious possessions accidents incidental to the great march of commercial progress.

Exclusiveness is the natural condition of primitive society. All savage peoples aim to keep their possessions and customs unchanged. There is always great unwillingness to let down the barrier between themselves and the outside world, but there is an irresistible force that sooner or later causes them to lower it, namely their desire for and need of the goods that the trader brings. But with his wares he brings the learning, customs and civilization of the outside world, and the savage peoples gradually advance towards civilization. Without the trader, the clan and the confined limits of thought and action which are its necessary accompaniments cannot be broken through, and the road laid for mental and material progress.

China and Japan furnish us splendid illustrations of the truth of this statement. For centuries these two nations shut themselves up from the world, lived wholly upon their own resources, allowed no new ideas to come in, followed religiously in the footsteps of their fathers, and of course under these conditions, there could be no possibility of improve-

ment. But during the sixty years that the doors of Japan have been open to foreign commerce with its accompanying ideas, Japan's progress has been so rapid that now she is almost prepared to take her place in the first rank of civilized nations. China, on the other hand, has denied herself largely to commerce, and has made little improvement. But now that she is following Japan's example, we can without hesitation predict for her as great and brilliant a rise in civilization as Japan has experienced.

In measuring the credit due commerce,

we need only to consider where we would be today if we had not had commerce to spread the good things of the earth. We could only be members of warlike clans, with little education or knowledge of the world, confined within narrow limits of territory and thought, living a rude and comfortless life,—in a word, the very opposite of that which we are now proud to live. And yet we deny to commerce the least praise, we even treat it as if it were a menace to society, instead of being the institution to which we owe all of our comfort, most of our culture, and some at least of our goodness and virtue.

Fisherman's Luck.

BY RALPH W. DAVIS.

I was one of a party of six who were passing a few summer weeks on the shores of a small but beautiful New Hampshire lake. We had spent the greater part of our time in canoeing, and driving through the country to see the sights, but had not tried our luck at fishing. We resolved to do so the next good day. Our day soon came, for the next morning was one of those typical September mornings, and when we got up (about 11 o'clock) the sun was high and shining extremely bright. "Ah!" we thought, "this is just the day to fish," (bear in mind we were from the city), and so we started out with high hopes.

Six being too many to go out together, we divided, Tom and two girls going in one boat and the rest of the girls with myself in the other. We had not been rowing long, before the boats were out of sight of each other. They had started down stream and I had rowed up stream,

partly because I thought the best fishing grounds were there but chiefly because I thought the fish would bite better if we were alone and all could be quiet. But if anyone can keep two girls quiet in a boat I'd like to share with him the secret of how it is done. One of them asked me to bait her hook, and in doing so (my attention being on my own line) I stuck the confounded thing into my finger, and she began to giggle. I asked her what was so funny and they both burst into laughter, and really, by the sound, I should think they were running in opposition to each other. They kept it up for about five minutes, had an intermission of one minute, and then began again. This was all the fishing I had for about two hours; not a nibble. Although I dreaded to go in without any fish my appetite was increasing, and I hove anchor and we started for home.

On our way, I saw a small boy with

some fish, whom I recognized as belonging to the camp just adjoining ours. An idea struck me. If I could only have those fish. I rowed to the side of his boat and said, "Say kid, I'll give you a quarter for your fish." Judging by the eagerness with which he took the money I guess he would have taken less, but then what was a quarter if I could have more fish than Tom? After cautioning Jimmy not to tell the rest of the crowd about selling me the fish, we started on with our catch, and arriving at the landing noticed that our chums had returned and fastened their boat. We took our fish and proudly walked up the sandy shore to the grove of pines, and were met at the camp by the others.

"How's that?" I said, pointing to the fish that Maggie and Ida were carrying.

"Why, how did you do it." said Bertha, rushing from the tent.

"Oh, aren't those just lovely," broke in Alice, as her eyes rested on our catch.

"Never mind, now," I broke in rather sharply, "just show us yours."

They remained silent.

"Come Tom," I added, "where are

they?"

But they had none to show, and the two girls who had accompanied me, broke into loud laughter,—about like that which drove away the fish.

We had prepared and were eating our fish dinner. I was bragging that I knew how to fish and that Tom didn't, and that when the girls wanted to catch fish they should come with me. (But when I want to catch fish I'll go alone). I was interrupted by someone approaching. Turning, my eyes fell full into those of Jimmy with another large string of fish in his hand. In a flash my hand was in my pocket for another quarter (not for the fish however, but to keep Jimmy quiet). I was too late, however, for Jimmy broke the silence with, "Say, Mister Jones, dontcher want to buy some more fish?"

Maggie and Alice let out one wild scream of laughter, and when they stopped (for a one minute intermission I guess) the young lady by my side, who had accompanied me on our fishing trip, said "Well, I just don't care; they taste good anyway."

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC:

First to the editorial staff, my very best wishes for increasing success in their task this year, and now greetings to all who are walking this noon in Pinkerton's familiar hall, or who still hold pleasant memories of the day when they were among that favored number. May they if outside, be winning honor today for their loved alma mater! And last, in behalf of all the Pinkerton boys and girls

now in colleges I want to wish the football team of 1908 the very best of good luck. We are all watching the papers each week for the reports of games; and we never expect to see anything but victories from the school of which we are rightly so proud.

Now I am asked to tell you something of Smith College which ought to be a pleasant task, and would be if I liked to write letters as well as I like to talk;

since I have been very anxious for a year to buttonhole people and tell them about it. As my appreciation of college grew, I said to all my friends, "I wish you could see Smith;" and today instead of repeating the old story of the value of a college education, I am going to try to show you my particular college, but with rather a poor camera.

Smith is beautiful, so every one says who sees it, and if I could just have you girls of the Senior class here for a day, and show you around, you would all be sending in your applications at once for next year; while if the rest of the class came along too, they would probably be found next year in Amherst so as to be near by.

Again, I repeat, Smith is beautiful: take what position we may upon the campus and whatever vista is opened up for us between its buildings, it is charming. But first I should point out to you College Hall with its ivied walls, because to us this building with its several wings speaks of the beginning and marvelous growth of this college for women until now its assembly room is not large enough to accomodate Smith's fifteen hundred girls and a new building will soon supersede it for this purpose.

Then if I knew that you liked music I should point with my right hand to the next of the buildings in the line which have always seemed to me to have been built on the outside edge of the campus as outposts in those days when a separate college for women needed defense. I should tell you that here your dreams of a career might see the beginning of a realization in any of the musical branches which I knew that you preferred. Or if I had seen your monogram in the corners

of many papers in the last Art exhibit at Pinkerton, I should point with my other hand to the Hillyer Art Gallery, and in this case I should probably take time to do more; I should take you through it, for I should be stirred by my Smith pride and wish to show it off well, since it is said to contain the finest collection of statuary and paintings owned by such an institution in this country.

Again if you were one of those people who always inspired me with awe because they didn't turn pale at the sight of an examination paper in Physics, I should hasten to lead you to one of our two science buildings, Cilly and Chemistry Halls, and there show to you their great facilities in the way of apparatus and specimens for use in pursuing any branch of science you favored.

Then not wishing to frighten you by the idea that Smith means nothing but work, I should leave this outer edge of the campus, and merely pointing out as we go by our chief recitation hall and largest building, Seelye Hall, should stroll farther into the campus pausing for a few minutes in the apple orchard so dear to Smith girls, while I tried to people for you its shade with the bright colored throng of gay maidens and their dark frocked friends which I saw filling it on a sunny afternoon in last May at the time of the Junior Promenade; or I should fill the nearby path with a double line of girls bearing upon their shoulders a long laurel chain while between them moves a white line of serious Seniors on their way to plant their class ivy, one of their last college exercises. This is a memory from the one commencement week I have seen so far.

But now we must go on to the brow of

the hill where the observatory stands, from which spot I shall be able to show you the prettiest part of our campus. On our way you will notice a big hole in the ground filled with laborers and machines. That is to be a large and beautiful new library. At present it seems to be growing downwards, but they promise us that it shall soon begin to point in the opposite direction.

Now here we are at the Observatory, which as I approach it, always brings to my mind my first lesson in astronomy at Pinkerton: "Mica, mica, parva stella!" and you all know the rest. Now down below us in the green fields of the lower, or as we more often say, the "Back Campus," you can see the Students' Building where two nights ago nearly a thousand girls were gathered dancing. This was the welcome of the Sophomores to the Freshmen. At the right you can see the Lyman Plant House widely famed throughout the country for the opportunities it offers for research and experiment along botanical lines. This side of the "Back campus" shows a very pretty bit of landscape gardening in the way the horticultural gardens have been laid out so as to imitate nature as far as possible; while they furnish a mass of color, constant, but ever varied during the summer and autumn with their constant succession of flowers from all lands. Nestling among the flowers you see the lily ponds, and beyond you catch a glimpse of Paradise, gleaming among the trees just outside the Campus. To lend more enchantment to the scene, you see the top of a ruined tower rising above the trees from its farther shore, and behind that on the blue horizon stands Mt. Tom, one of our beautiful mountain sentinels

that are ever keeping silent watch over us.

I fear that by this time you have grown weary of the picture of a college which seems to be sleeping today, but I assure you that it is not, this big campus is teeming with life at this very moment. Look where you will and you will see bright gowns flitting along the paths, or studious maids sitting about here and there under the trees; or look about you at the dormitories which dot the whole campus, and see the merry groups of girls upon piazzas and steps. Or if there were time I would take you to the athletic field and then ask you to show me a more wide-awake set of girls than those of Smith College.

I did wish yesterday that I might actually share with you a picture which I thought extremely interesting. that of practically the whole student body starting off for a holiday. It was Mountain Day, the second Thursday in October always being set apart as a holiday in order that the girls may have a good opportunity to get acquainted with the beautiful mountains which surround Northampton. Every sort of vehicle obtainable had been pressed into the service, from big barges with drivers to ordinary express wagons into the back of which from six to eight girls were crowded, one of their own number acting as driver; while every carriage planned for two or four people, carried at least one extra girl bravely clinging on at the back. The streets were full of these teams and of parties of all sizes on foot going in one direction while the air was filled with merry laughter, and the greetings of parties meeting each other. As I watched this happy picture, I thought that none know how to play so

well as those who have worked hardest.

Well I have certainly sung the praises of my college long enough for today, and I would better give some one else a

chance.

Sincerely yours,

MYRA ISABEL FOSTER.

Northampton, Mass., Oct. 9, 1908.

Alumni Department.

Alumni Notes.

(* Denotes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

*'82. William Bartlett has resigned as envoy in the Salvation army, and is about to enter the Methodist ministry.

'94. and '93. Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bampton (Louise R. Crombie) spent several weeks this summer traveling in Europe.

'96. and '99. Kathleen and Minnie T. Melvin are teaching in North Cohasset, Mass.

'97. Mrs. Ray Foster (Bertha G. Smith) and her little daughter of Niagara Falls spent several weeks in Derry this fall.

*'98. Mrs. Jerome C. McMurphy (Mabel L. Pullen) of Chicago, with her little daughter Miriam, spent the summer in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

'00. Albert L. Hill, M. D., has returned from Denver, Colo., and is practicing in Derry.

'01. Alice D. Chase is in Coronado, California, visiting her sister, Mrs. Raffaele Lorini, (Louise Chase '95).

'01. Henry B. Tourtellot is traveling for the American Can Co., of Boston.

'02. Mrs. Harry U. Russell (Helen A. Center) and baby, Marguerite, have been visiting relatives in Derry.

'04. Elizabeth H. Thompson is the

assistant of the Conant High School in East Jaffrey, N. H.

'05. and '06. Dana G. How and Carl Hillman have entered the School of Finance and Commerce, University of Penn.

'06. Nellie W. Bampton has gone to Helena, Ark., to visit her sister, Mrs. Frank H. Clark (Bessie E. Bampton *'97)

'06. Walter I. Neller has returned to Baltimore, Md., for his third year in the Baltimore Medical college.

'06. Ray A. Clement has entered Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

'07. Harriette N. Melvin is teaching in Windham.

'07. Fred J. Shepard, Jr., has entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'07. Maurice Bradford and Ivan Morrison are at the New Hampshire State College at Durham.

Engagements.

Walter P. Emery '01, to Lucie Newcomb of Dorchester.

Marriages.

Londonderry, June 21, Wesley Adams *'89 to Mabel F. Nevins *'93.

June 27, William F. Forsaith '04 to Ethel Watson.

Derry, June 30, Eugene C. True to Esther M. Hunt '06.

Dorchester, Mass., August 18, William James Score to Helen H. Haskins *'90.

Auburn, Sept. 12, Charles Hunkins to Blanche H. Prescott *'05.

Derry, Sept. 15, Everett E. Griffin *'91 to Blanche C. Proctor.

Methuen, Mass., Sept. 28, Oscar Fish of Candia to M. Edith Webster '03 of Auburn.

Melrose, Mass., October 5, Lester W. Russell '03, to Bessie Marguerite Lynde.

Derry, October 6, Theron E. Fisher of Rochester, N. Y., to Marion H. Bradford '03.

Births.

Denver, Colo., June 12, to Dr. and Mrs. Albert L. Hill '00, a son Theodore Albert.

Brockton, Mass., June 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Ewell (Arvilla H. Thompson '05) a son, Raymond Henry.

Lynn, Mass., June 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brickett (Maria Montgomery *'90) a son, Leonard.

Derry, June 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Eddy, (Grace Bartlett *'05) twin sons, Edward Louis and Edgar Bartlett.

Derry, June 30, to Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Newell (Harriett L. Chase) *'93 and *'99, a son, Henry Chase.

New York, August 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Stevens '00, a son, Kenneth Alexander.

Hampstead, Sept. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Emerson (Anna E. Bartlett '94), a son.

Derry, October 7, to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Pillsbury (Florence Aiken) *'82 and *'88, a son.

Deaths.

Massabesic, June 10, Mrs. Sarah Fox Benson.

Confluence, Penn., Aug. 21, Mrs. Albert K. Travis, (Cora K. Seavey *'99.)

Pelham, Sept. 5, Alice P. Marsh '06.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 5, Arthur C. Sanders *'85.

Kennebunk, Me., Oct. 14, Mrs. Dickey, wife of Rev. Myron Dickey '70 and mother of Mark Dickey, (faculty 1904-'06).

Athletics.

NASHUA, 12; PINKERTON, 0:

October 3rd we were beaten on our own grounds partly because of the absence of Page at fullback and C. Williams at centre, and because a dislocated shoulder put Capt. Griffiths out of the game in the latter part of the first half, leaving only Abbott and Shepard of the regular team in the back field. The line-up:

NASHUA — Lee 1e, Haggerty 1t, R. Doyle 1g, Seaman c, Potter rg, Spence rt, P. Doyle re, Chance qb, Dane 1hb, Labine rhb, McKean fb.

PINKERTON—H. Williams re, Corson rt, Whitney rg, Salner c, King lg, Wilson lt, Bartlett, le, Shepard qb, Abbott rhb, Griffiths (Curtis) 1hb, Hodsdon fb.

Score — Nashua, 12; Pinkerton 0.

Touchdowns—McKean, Lee. Goals from touchdowns—McKean, 2. Umpire—W. Bolton. Referee—F. Brice. Linesmen—Shepard, Barn-dollar. Timers—A. W. Reynolds, C. Barnard. Time—15 minute halves.

MANCHESTER, 0; PINKERTON, 6.

October 10th we played Manchester High at Varick Park. Manchester was confident of an easy victory and in the first half it was either side's game. In the second half Abbott made a touchdown for P. A., after Corson had recovered a punt, then kicked the goal. Manchester was penalized several times for illegal forward passes. The line-up:

MANCHESTER—Worcester re, Teehan rt, Manning rg, Johnson c, Sullivan lg, Keller lt, Reid le, Richardson qb, Palmenter (Marshall) lhb, Sallsbury rhb, Kelley (Campbell) fb.

PINKERTON—Bartlett le, Wilson lt, King lg, C. Williams (Whitney) c, Salner rg, Corson rt, H. Williams re, Shepard qb, Abbott rhb, Knight lhb, Page fb.

Score—Pinkerton, 6; Manchester 0. Touchdown—Abbott. Goal from touchdown—Abbott. Umpire—H. Brice. Referee—Lafamme. Linesmen—Raitt and Young. Timers—Reynolds and Farmer. Time—20 minute halves.

CONCORD, 0; PINKERTON, 5.

October 17. As Concord had not been defeated this season Pinkerton expected a hard contest. Pinkerton's touchdown was made from a forward pass to Corson, who dropped the ball on being tackled. Salner was "Johnny on the spot" when he scooped up the ball and fell across the line for a touchdown. Concord had a fast team and worked the forward pass successfully for downs. The line-up:

CONCORD—Morrison re, Reardon rt, Phaneuf re, Rogers c, Harrison lg; Ashley lt, Massen le, Budge qb, Twomey rhb, Kiley lhb, Gale fb.

PINKERTON—Bartlett le, Wilson lt, King lg, C. Williams c, Salner rg, Corson rt, H. Williams re, Shepard qb, Knight lhb, Abbott rhb, Page fb.

Score—Pinkerton, 5; Concord, 0. Touchdown—Salner. Umpire—Brice. Referee—Batchelder. Linesmen—Morrison and Raitt. Time—15 minute halves.

METHUEN, 0; PINKERTON, 0.

October 21. Methuen depended on a fake buck for most of her gains, keeping the ball nearly all the first half until Pinkerton held them on the five yard line. The second half was merely a repetition of the first, the officials disputing over almost every play. The line-up:

METHUEN—Ritter re, Bragdin rt, Hyde rg, Garry c, Needham lg, Johnson lt, Porter le, Douglas qb, Sager lhb, Mahoney rhb, Houston fb.

PINKERTON—Bartlett le, Wilson lt, King lg, Whitney c, Salner rg, Corson rt, H. Williams re, Shepard qb, Abbott rhb, Knight lhb, Page fb.

Score—Pinkerton, 0; Methuen 0. Umpire—E. Gilbert. Referee—F. Brice. Linesmen—B. Gilbert and R. Weeks. Time—20 minute halves.

NASHUA, 11; PINKERTON, 4.

October 24. Nashua started by winning the toss and then rushing the ball down the field for a touchdown. After Nashua kicked off P. A. retained the ball until Abbott was able to kick a goal from the field. Again gaining possession of the ball a long forward pass and a quarterback run Pinkerton came within a foot of making a touchdown. In the second half on a fum-

bled punt Nashua obtained the ball on our 40 yard line, then pushed it over for another touchdown. The line-up:

NASHUA—Lee le, Hagerty lt, R. Doyle lg, Seaman c, Patten rg, Spence rt, P. Doyle (Shea) re, Chase (Sullivan) qb, Graves (Dane) lhb, Labine rhb, Page fb.

PINKERTON—H. Williams re, Salner, rg,

Corson rt, C. Williams c, King lg, Wilson lt, Bartlett le, Knight qb, Abbott rhb, Shepard lhb, Page fb.

Score—N. H. S., 11; P. A., 4. Touchdowns—Labine and McKean. Goul from touchdown—McKean. Goal from field—Abbott. Umpire—Pushee. Referee—Brice. Linesmen—Cleary and Corson. Time—20 and 15 minute periods.

The Academy Crow.



Caw, Caw, Caw. Here I am again as usual to tell you what I have seen so far this term. How pretty it is with the leaves on the far off hills painted in so many bright colors, and how they glisten as they come tumbling to the golden brown carpet beneath the

branches. It makes one think of autumn and school. No, I did not even think of going South this winter, with my black-coated companions, for I want to be present at whatever happens at the Academy.

O, yes it has been very lonesome this summer at my home in the belfry, but when the students came back, I enjoyed seeing those who came for the first time. I was awfully sorry not to see my old friends of 1908 again, but I have seen classes go into the world so many times that I am used to it and take it as a matter of course. After the new boys joined the "rainy day club," the work went on about the same as usual.

During the first week I was sitting in the chestnut trees by the "campus," when

I saw a number of the Seniors carrying wood to the center of the field. I thought they were going to have the "corn roast," so I watched to see the Seniors trying to avoid the other classes, but to my surprise nearly the whole school was there. This was something new. They roasted the corn in the red-hot coals, after the fire had burned down, and after giving cheers for the teachers, they went home. I think that everybody had a good time. I know I did.

One Friday night I saw a number of the students going up the hill to the Academy. I knew that the Senior Social was coming, so I perched myself where I could see what was going on. I saw four receiving the guests. Then President Page and the secretary, Miss Blood, led the match promenade. They had some punch, and by the number of times a certain alumnus filled his glass, it must have been good. There was a quartet composed of four girls, who were dressed to represent Indians, and they sang an Indian song. About half-past nine they all went directly home. (?)

Football commenced early this year, and I have had lots of fun watching the

practice. I was afraid they were not going to have as good a team as last year. I was very sorry to hear one of the boys say that Mr. Broadhead was going to leave, for I have been here ever since Mr. Broadhead came, and have seen the good teams we have had under his training. I did not see how we could get along without him. He sent Mr. Brice to coach, and as I have seen him before, playing against Pinkerton, I knew his ability and felt confident to put the team in his hands. I take lots of interest in football and go to every game, and I flap my wings and caw for joy when P. A. makes a good play. I was at the Nashua game but I did not enjoy it very much for "Davie" got hurt. I used to like to see "Dave" play, so you see I was sorry to have him injured. I did not see the whole game but went to my home in the belfry to think over what had happened.

But I'm not one to desert my team, so I went to Manchester with them. I was surprised to see "Kike" back on the "gridiron" playing for Pinkerton. I was very glad to see him, for he and I are old friends, and his ability as a football player is well known to me. I used to go home with him after the socials, when he went to school here before, but he would not like to have me say more about that, so let us go back to the game. They were very evenly matched until Howard Abbott made a touchdown and won the game for P. A. I cheered as loud as I could, for that was the first game Pinkerton ever won from Manchester at Varick Park.

It was fun to see them beat Concord the next Saturday, after what happened last year.

The other morning I was sitting where

I could look into chapel, and just after the exercises I saw "Freddie" present a bunch of roses to Mr. Bingham. As it was Mr. Bingham's birthday, the Seniors gave him a little remembrance.

I overheard one of the boys say the other day that Annis had placed a wooden Indian outside his store as an advertisement, so I flew over to see it. Well, what was my surprise to see Seavey standing there, very still even for him. I think the man who said that it was an Indian of wood had better take more careful notice next time, and be able to recognize his own classmate.

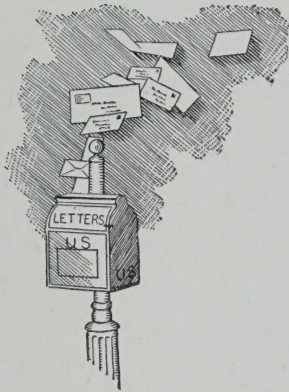
The first of this year, I saw one of the Senior boys, who rode to school alone last year, bringing two girls with him. But they did not come with him long. Why, I don't know, unless some of the Senior girls told them it was not nice to go riding with a boy. Anyway, I never did like to be too inquisitive about such things. For the next three or four mornings they came in a team of their own and "Andie" rode alone again. I do not understand how it happened, but the other day I saw the young ladies' horse going home all by his lonesome, with neither harness nor carriage. That day, Mr. Anderson looked real happy, for the girls rode home with him, but just let me whisper a suspicion I have. You can't make me believe but that he turned the horse loose on purpose, because he was lonesome.

The other day I went to Nashua with the football team and was glad to see the boys play so well, although they were up against a team too strong for them. I stayed a while after the game and saw two P. A. boys, wandering about the streets looking very disconsolate. In

their wanderings they met "Dave" and I, heard them say it had been necessary, for some reason they did not wish to tell, to miss the car. Then one of the boys put his hand into his pocket and pulled out three solitary cents. The other boy had none. "Dave," as the man of money about Pinkerton, took pity on them

and lent them enough to get home. Otherwise, I am afraid I should have seen these two students counting the ties between Nashua and Manchester.

Well, I have told about all that has happened, so I will fly away and find some more news to tell you in the next Critic. Caw, Caw, Caw.



Exchanges.



The school year is young yet, and consequently the number of exchanges we have received up to the present is small. All are old friends, *The Echo*, *The Breccia*, *The Crimson and White*, *The Look-out*, *The Latin School Register* and *The Artisan*.

The first issue of the year of a school paper should not, perhaps, be taken as a fair example of what its board of editors and the school which supports it are capable of doing. The board of editors is new and in a great measure inexperienced, its members are unacquainted with the peculiar abilities which their co-workers possess. The school, too, with its large incoming class, in many cases as large as the other three classes combined, has not that unity which it will have later in the year. The result is that nearly al-

ways there is in these first issues a lack of "team work," something vitally essential to a well balanced paper. So it is with the exchanges we have received. Some, with excellent literary departments, are woefully lacking in other respects, with others, the reverse is true.

The Echo (Sanborn Seminary, Kingston) comes to us this year decked in a new cover. It contains several interesting stories. We trust that the youth who wrote on "A Day at the Seminary," was not as ignorant of his subject as he was of English grammar.

The Crimson and White (Gloucester High) has a weak literary department. If its editorials on School Spirit are taken to heart, perhaps this will not be true of

later numbers; we hope so, anyway. Would it not be well for the Editor to make use of the "editorial 'we' "?

The writer of "Last Will and Testament" in *Latin School Register* (Boston Latin School) displays great skill in the creation and unravelling of the plot. "Sam Hill's Hoss" in the same paper is also very good.

The Breccia (Deering High, Portland, Me.), would profit by giving more attention to editorials.

The Artisan (Mechanic Arts High) contains a good athletic department, as does also *The Lookout* (Derby High).

Exchanges received last year too late

for acknowledgement in the June CRITIC were, *The Oracle* (Edward Little High, Auburn, Me.), *Breccia* (Deering High), *Scroll* (Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, Me.), *Artisan* (Mechanic Arts High), *Megaphone* (Dean Academy), Brown Alumni Monthly.

We cannot advise too strongly the students to read our exchanges. We pupils of Pinkerton, in common with the students of other "Prep." schools, live in a little world of our own, the failures and the achievements of which are to be found at first hand in our exchanges. Read them; you will find them very good, interesting almost without exception.

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